



a Hanna-Barbera Production



YOGI BEAR

YOGI BEAR

NO. 2
JAN.
CDC

15¢



RAY
DIRGO

YOGI ⁱⁿ BEAR

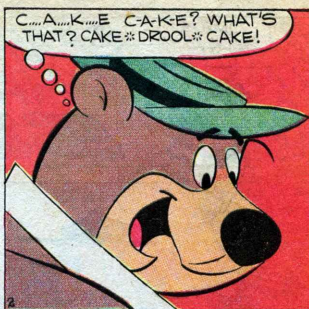
BEWARE OF A SNEAK GIFTING BEARS

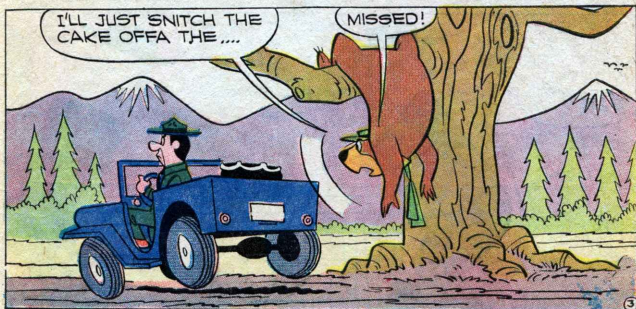
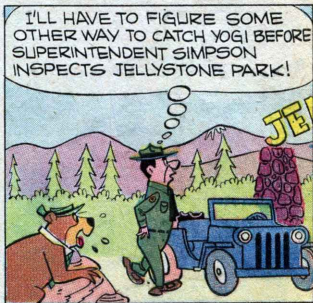
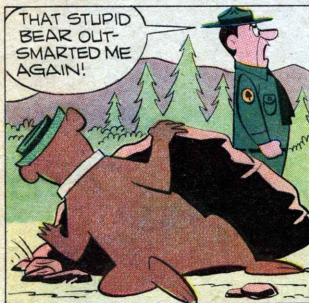
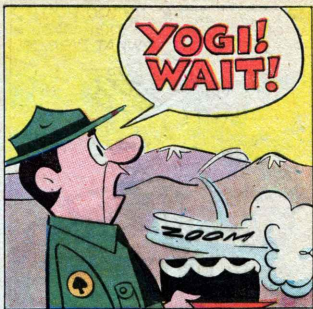


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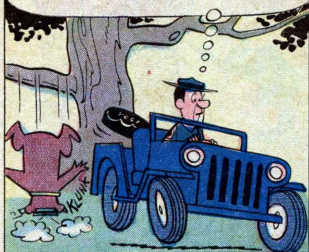
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I'M A FAILURE! SUPERINTENDENT SIMPSON WILL TRANSFER ME TO DEODORIZING SKUNKS OR WORSE!



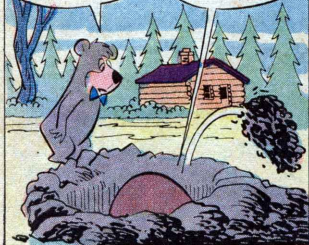
YOGI I SAW A TOURIST WITH A BIG PICNIC BASKET TAKING A NAP...WE CAN...

SLURRP! RANGER SMITH SAID THAT CAKE IS FOR ME!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOGI?

I'M GONNA VISIT RANGER SMITH!



WELL, SMITH, HAVE YOU CAPTURED THAT THIEVING YOGI BEAR YET?

NO, SIR, MR. SUPERINTENDENT!

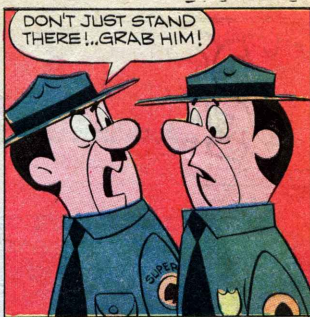


WHAT'S THIS, SMITH? ARE YOU COLLABORATING WITH THE ENEMY?!

NO, SIR, I BAKED THAT CAKE FOR YOGI...WHAT'S HAPPENING?!



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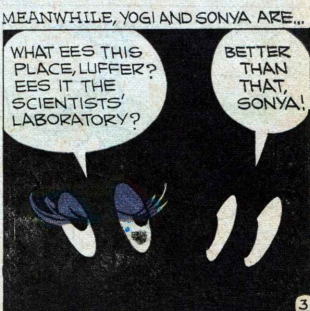
YOGI BEAR

IN

THE BEAR FACTS









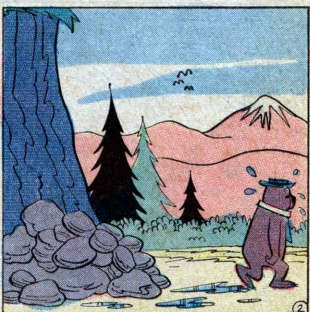
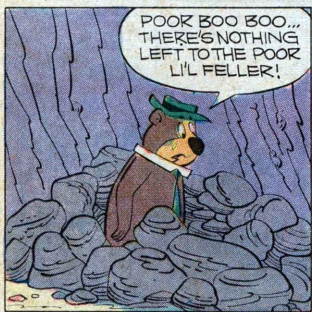
YOGI BEAR

in

BOO BOO'S GHOST



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YOGI BEAR



YOGI'S WINTER SPORT







The End

Vitamin Mouse



TRAP A TRAP

Vitamin Mouse was resting comfortably in a rocking chair. He was reading the latest edition of "Mousey News." Suddenly his friend, Mogo Mouse rushed up to him.

"Have you heard the latest news?" He wanted to know.

"I haven't tuned in on Station R.A.T.," he replied. "And all I can find in our newspaper is an advertisement for a new kind of cheese. It is a Biss Chess with square holes. I think I will order half a pound of it."

"Oh, how terrible it is," sighed Mongo Mouse. "The rumor is that Cato the Cat has invented an electronic mousetrap. And woe is our future! It even used an artificial piece of cheese as the bait. It has a synthetic odor. So it sort of smells like a piece of imported Wuzubaski Cheese."

"This is really a serious matter," admitted Vitamin Mouse. "Send out a secret 210 alarm. Use the wave length of 2222 Bugacycles. We need an emergency meeting of our Mouse Cabinet at once. Before any mouse gets caught in that electronic trap."

Within thirty minutes, twenty nine mice had assembled in the area under the basement of the house at 645 Minehurt Road. From the expressions of their faces, it was evident that they too had heard the bad news.

"What are we going to do?" asked Millie the Mouse in a very sad tone of voice. "Last year my boy friend lost his tail in one of the ordinary traps. How lucky he was to escape. But if this kind of trap is escape proof, then we are doomed."

"Relax," suggested Vitamin Mouse. "We have survived far more than seven billion years. Our ancestors met all kinds of problems. In order to know how to avoid such an electronic trap, we must know how it works. I need a volunteer. He will go and get deliberately caught in this trap. He shall keep on him a concealed transmitter. We shall be listening. Then I will rescue him and destroy the trap. Who will wiggle the left ear as a signal of being ready to help us?"

Not an ear was wiggle. Then they saw the ear on Moco the Mouse turn a little.

"I am the boyfriend of Millie the Mouse," began the brave little creature. "I am tailless. I

want revenge. Last year I was caught in a 50 cent cheap trap. So I volunteer."

Cato the Cat was on guard. Waiting for the first mouse to try to enter the basement room in the house at 645 Minehurst Road. The electronic trap had to be a success. Cato the Cat was already dreaming of the millions she would make by the sale of her invention. Suddenly she heard the buzz of the alarm. She hid herself behind a box. Moco the Mouse was coming through the hole. The electronic beam caught the shape of the little creature. And then suddenly from above a cage fell down. Right around the mouse. He was a prisoner!

"You are now in my power! My trap is a success," shouted the inventor. "I will be rich."

"Since I know that I will soon die," sighed Moco the Mouse, "I will admit you are wonderful. How did you trap me?"

"In each hole I have placed a pinhead which is treated with a chemical. It reflects an electronic beam," replied Cato the Cat. "Only one defence against it. If you eat half a banana skin, the electronic beam will not reflect back."

Vitamin Mouse heard those words and he removed the earphones from his ears. He took out a bottle of his secret formula pills. He swallowed one. Now he was the most powerful creature in the world. Ounce for ounce only! However he first ate half a banana skin. Then he rushed to save Moco the Mouse. Soon he was facing Cato the Cat.

"Your invention is now useless. Release my friend or else. . ."

"Or else what?" demanded the Cat.

"Or else I release him. If I do that I will take your tail and tie it up into knots," was the explanation.

"Not that," shouted Cato the Cat. "I release him now. But you may have a piece of the new synthetic cheese I have invented. It smells like a piece of Wuzubaski Cheese."

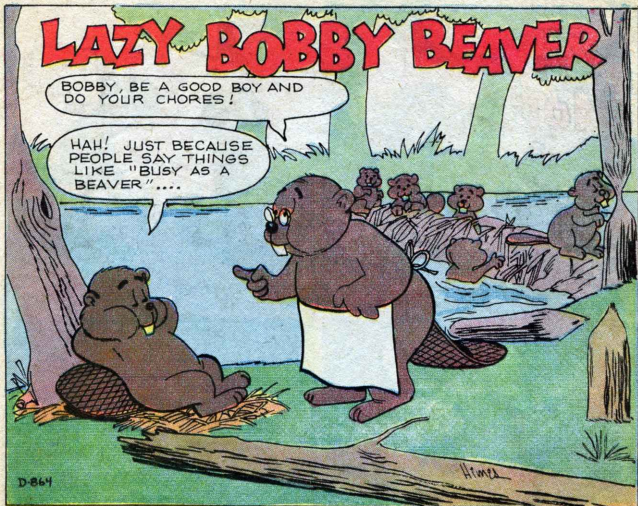
"Keep your cheese, keep your trap, On your head I give you a tail," shouted Vitamin Mouse.

And with one blow of his right hand, he sent the cat into dreamland for an hour. All returned happy and safe.

LAZY BOBBY BEAVER

BOBBY, BE A GOOD BOY AND DO YOUR CHORES!

HAH! JUST BECAUSE PEOPLE SAY THINGS LIKE "BUSY AS A BEAVER"

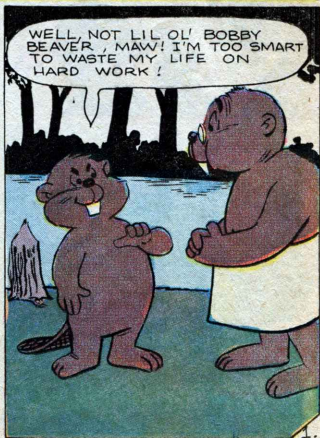


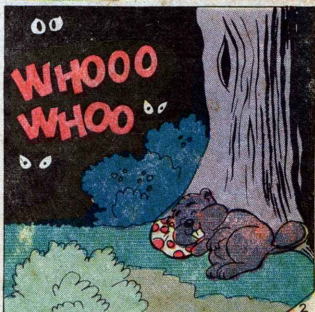
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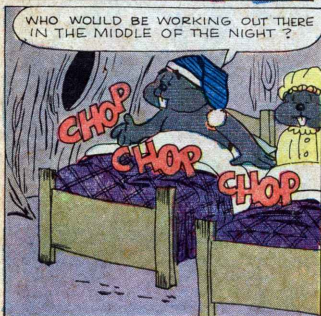
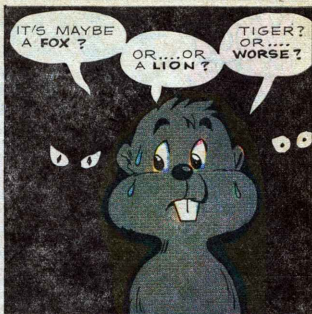
WE BEAVERS ARE EXPECTED TO SLAVE OUR LIVES AWAY.



WELL, NOT LIL OL' BOBBY BEAVER, MAW! I'M TOO SMART TO WASTE MY LIFE ON HARD WORK!







Yogi
BEAR ⁱⁿ

RANGER OF THE YEAR

HURRY UP WITH THAT, YOGI.... WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED I WANT YOU TO CARRY WOOD FOR THE CAMPSITES!

WHY ARE YOU WORKING US SO HARD, RANGER SMITH?

JELLYSTONE PARK

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I INTEND TO CLEAN UP JELLYSTONE NATIONAL PARK AND BECOME 'RANGER OF THE YEAR' EVEN IF IT....

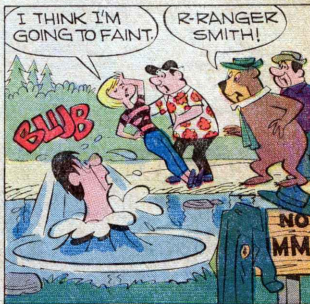
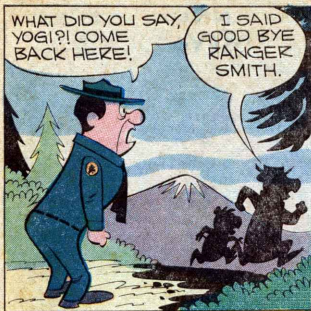
KILLS US?..

HE DIDN'T EVEN GIVE US TIME OFF FOR LUNCH...AS IF WE **HAD** A LUNCH TO EAT!

IT SO HAPPENS WE DO, BOO BOO, LOOKIE THERE!



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COMMISSIONER PHUDD WANTS
TO SEE HIS REFLECTION IN
THE BOTTOM OF EVERY TRASH
CAN... GET IT, SMITH?!

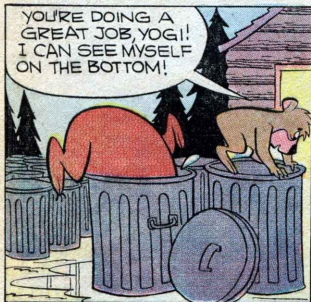
ULLPPP!

GOLLY!

QUICK, BOO BOO! WE'VE GOT
TO POLISH EVERY TRASH CAN
IN JELLYSTONE BEFORE THE
COMMISSIONER GETS HERE!



YOU'RE DOING A
GREAT JOB, YOGI!!
I CAN SEE MYSELF
ON THE BOTTOM!



YOU'LL BE PICKED AS RANGER
OF THE YEAR... EVERY TRASH
CAN SHINES!

OH
NO!



AREN'T THEY THE
SHINIEST TRASH CANS
YOU EVER SAW
COMMISSIONER?!



THE END